

Knuckles

Season 1, Episode 3

The Shabbat Dinner Transcript

detail

Fugitives from the law, Knuckles and Wade hide out with Wade's family.

("The Warrior" by Scandal playing)

♪ Oh... ♪
♪ Oh-oh-oh ♪
♪ Who's the hunter? Who's the game? ♪
♪ I feel the beat call your name ♪
♪ I hold you close in victory ♪
♪ I don't wanna tame your animal style ♪
♪ You won't be caged from the call of the wild ♪
♪ Shooting at the walls of heartache ♪
♪ Bang bang ♪
♪ I am the warrior ♪
♪ Well, I am the warrior ♪
♪ And heart to heart, you'll win ♪
♪ If you survive ♪
♪ The warrior ♪
♪ The warrior ♪
♪ Shooting at the walls of heartache ♪
♪ Bang bang ♪
♪ I am the warrior ♪
♪ Well, I am the warrior ♪
♪ And heart to heart, you'll win ♪
♪ If you survive ♪
♪ The warrior ♪
♪ The warrior ♪

(song ends)

(doorbell rings)

Wade: Stay hidden until I give you the signal.

Knuckles: Why?

Wade: 'Cause I think you're gonna freak people out.

(*door opens, creaks*)

(*gasps*)

Hi, Mom. I'm home.

(*laughs*) Wade, my little *hamentashen*!

(*kissing*) How long has it been?

Well, I can tell you exactly how long it's been.

Two years, three months, and 13 days.

Not that I'm marking my calendar.

(*both laugh*)

Clearly. Uh, listen, Mom, it's good to be home.

I-I do have something to...

'Sup, Wade?

'Sup, Wanda?

Wanda: I gotta tell you.

If you're back here because you lost your squad car again, you wanna borrow Mom's Volvo, mm, don't bother.

Volvo is too much car for you anyways.

Wanda...

Maybe you should just stick to embarrassing yourself on the little baby scooter you've been taking on duty instead.

Wanda!

Know what's embarrassing?

What?

You wearing a windbreaker inside.

Oh, Wade.

There's no wind in here. That's insane!

I bet my whole life is insane to a local cop like you 'cause I'm out there breaking cases, dude.

I'm going undercover.

I'm working for the FBI...!

What is that? Why do you say it like that?

That's how everybody in the FBI says it.

Then they should reprint the jackets.

That would be so dumb, Wade.

Why are you here? Why is she here?

Yo! I'm here protecting the SODOTOTUS.

(*laughs*) Okay...

That's the Secretary of the Department of Transportation for the United States.

He's rolling in, and I'm working his 'cade.

That means motorcade.

That's what we call it in the FBI because it saves valuable seconds so we can save more lives.

Wade: Mm-hmm.

Are we done?

Mm-hmm.

Mom, I need to tell you something.

I, uh, brought someone here.

Oh.

Oh! A friend?

Yes... Oh, well--

A girlfriend?

Mm...

Is she Jewish?

(*awkward laugh*)

(*quirky music playing*)

Great Matriarch of the Whipple clan.

I bow my head to you in respect, and I thank you for giving us safe harbor in our time of need.

Oh...

(*thud*)

Probably shoulda opened with your introduction in retrospect.

(*soft klezmer music playing*)

(*sips, sighs*)

It's okay. I'm good. I'm fine.

(*tea cup rattling*)

So... he's from space.

(*Wanda*)

(*scoffs*) Allegedly.

Yes.

(*puts down cup*)

I do apologize for fainting. It was very rude of me.

You're my guest. Welcome to our home.

We will not be here long.

Yeah, maybe just the night, and then we'll be outta your hair.

Yo, I don't care who this guy is, I'm still gonna have to check him for weapons.

(*wand beeping*)

You dare draw a weapon on me?

What is this sorcery?

(*wand beeping*)

Wade... Wade!

(*beeping*)

You have a metal detector on you even when you're not on duty?

I'm never not on duty, bro.

Damn, that's a good line.

Wanda, he's a guest.

Yes, Mom.

Wendy: So...

Knuchles--

Knuckles.

Knuckles.

Knuchles! That's what I said.

Knuckles.

Knuchles. Wade...

You're not saying that. You're making, like, a "c-h" sound.

You're saying "ch."

Yeah, it's weird.

Wade: It's like-- It's not like a dessert.

Knuchles!

Enough. (*laughs*) I would so love it if you would join us for dinner.

A ceremonial meal?

With the Chief of the Whipple clan?

It would be my great honor.

I'll just put out two extra places.

Wait a minute. It's not... Is it?

Wendy: Please.

Join us for Shabbat dinner.

(*gasps*)

(*dramatic music playing*)

No! No!

(*laughing*)

♪ ♪

(*screaming*)

Let me go!

(*flame whooshes*)

(*dramatic music continues*)

(*goat braying*)

(*all yelling*)

(*screaming*)

(*gasps*)

Wade, what is happening?

(*whispers*) We gotta get outta here.

For the last few decades, every single Whipple family Shabbat dinner has been nothing but deceit, betrayal, and violence.

So, is he Jewish?

(*normal*) Uh, y-yeah, on his, uh...

Half, I think.

Uh, mother's side?

I was about to say, I think so. (*laughs*)

Oh good, oh good.

(*gentle music playing*)

(*clears throat*)

(*whispers*) I don't know why it's important that it's the mom's side, but just say that it is.

I don't ask you about the millions of grapes you eat.

You leave my grapes out of this.

(*soft klezmer music playing*)

Wade: Mom! You made all of my favorite foods, even the ones from the most obscure Jewish holidays!

Everything looks so... brown.

What a feast!

I am famished, but where are the grapes?

Wade: They're in the wine, buddy.

Wendy: Ah!

Welcome, everyone. Mm.

Family members and guests.

Now... Knuchles.

I'm not sure how much you know...

(*Wade clears throat*)

(*sends text*)

...about the traditions of the Jewish people.

I know very little, but I admire your tiny hats.

(*laughs*)

Ha.

Knuckles: And I assume with a feast like this, the epics must tell of your great victories on the battlefield.

At first glance, I thought you to be a malnourished weakling.

Oh.

But when you were cutting that meat, I noticed your arms are quite muscular.

Oh.

Like a warrior!

Wendy: Oh! Well.

Thank you, Knuchles.

I do Pilates three times a week.

Wade, I like your friend.

(*nervous laugh*) Okay. Weird.

Shabbat is the day of rest.

It's about home.

Every Friday, for three hours, the Whipple family, whoever's here, sits and eats together until the Shabbat candles burn out.

And traditionally, the women of the home...

(*texting*)

(*sighs*)

The women of the home light the candles. Wanda?

Meh.

Wanda, if you could help me.

No way, Mom! I'm on a work call.

SODOTOTUS might go to Macaroni Grill.

Wanda.

What?

No phones at the table.

It's work, Mom!

(*mouthing*)

Alright. I'll do it myself.

(*lighter clicking*)

(*soft klezmer music playing*)

(*lighter clicks off*)

(*sighs*)

Baruch atah Adonai, Eloheinu melech ha'olam, asher kidshanu b'mitzvotav...

(*spoon clinking*)

That's my spoon.

Mm-mmm.

That's my spoon. It's not your spoon. Your spoon's over there.

(*prayer ends*)

No, that's Knuckles' spoon.

That spoon in your hand is my spoon.

Oh.

(*spoon clatters*)

Oh, you know what? Sorry. That is your spoon.

(*mischievous music playing*)

(*chair scrapes*)

(*Wanda snickers*)

Where'd it go? Hey, Nolan Ryan, where'd you throw it?

It went under the little table.

Hahaha! So fun!

It is. It's awesome.

Wade: So funny!

(*picks up spoon*)

Ugh. It's gross.

(*noisy stirring*)

(*clanging*)

(*whips napkin*)

Alright. Everyone, dig in.

(*cutlery clinking*)

(*soft klezmer music playing*)

So, Knuchles...

(*cutlery clinking*)

...tell me about your family.

My people were killed by a race of giant owls.

Owls?

I am now the last of my tribe.

Oh.

Our tribe has been through some tough times, too.

Minus the giant owls.

He's basically Jewish.

(*forced laugh*)

How's the food?

Knuckles: Mm! (*slurps*)

(*belches*) Delectable! This soup!

Wendy: Aw.

(*squishing*)

I've never seen balls so plump and swollen with flavor. (*slurps*)

(*laughs*) Yo, your friend is wild.

(*noisy munching*)

And you say this is fish, yet it has the consistency of a wet sponge.

I cannot stop eating it.

Gefilte fish.

One of our planet's greatest mysteries.

Oh, let me get you some more, sweetie.

(*spoon clinking*)

Now, tell me about these owls.

Hey. How'd you get involved with this weird alien?

Look, it's not a big deal, but I've been working with a secret global law enforcement agency called GUN.

Actually, you know what?

It's a huge friggin' deal.

(*Wanda laughs*)

There's no government agency called GUN.

That's the fakest name I've ever heard, Wade.

Hm.

Plus, if they were lookin' for people, why would they recruit a small-time cop like you?

Look, I can't really talk about it, but I happen to know a guy who knows a guy who knows a guy.

And I'm doing all this work pro bono, which means for free.

I know.

It's mostly international stuff, but it does tend to point sometimes intergalactic.

Way above the FBI pay grade, so you probably wouldn't understand.

No, I knew what it is. I've heard of GUN.

I know what it is, and I actually...

I actually know a guy there, too.

(*blows raspberry*) You know someone from GUN?

Yeah, I do.

Mm-hmm. What guy do you know at GUN.

Jim...

Jim Gunagent.

The GUN agent you know is named Jim Gunagent?

Yeah. That's right. Who do you know there?

Who's your guy? Oh, who's your guy at GUN?

(*scoffs*)

The guy I know is actually...

(*clears throat*) also named Jim, uh, Gunagent, so I guess we probably know the same guy.

Oh. Cool, cool, cool. So, I guess we both know Jim.

I guess we both know Jim. Cool, cool, cool.

Wade! Did you know that Knuckles almost destroyed the entire planet, and then ended up helping save it?

Yeah, Mom, I was there.

Wendy: Oh.

And I'd gladly do it again, should I need to protect the Master Emerald.

(*sighs*)

Oh! And Wade also contributed.

Thank you.

That's my son.

Wanda: Ooh! Sounds so important.

I'm just wondering, like, what'd you do? (*scoffs*)

Like, were you picking up coffees, or were you dropping off their dry cleaning?

If you must know what I did, right at the time that the head bad guy was gonna attack, I said "Hey," and distracted him for a split second.

And then, Sonic really took care of it.

Sounds highly unlikely!

Wanda, back off.

Mom! I'm just asking what he did on that day, okay?

And he's saying crazy things!

I don't know why you always have to side with him!

Oh, Wade. No, you, too.

I didn't even say anything!

Doesn't matter. I saw it on your face.

The two of you. Ugh. I mean, I swear.

If I could just have a moment of peace.

(*slurping soup*)

(*Wanda grunts*)

Ow!

You suck. Sor--

Wendy: Wade!

Language!

I'm sorry, Mom, but she sucks so bad.

(*snickers*)

(*whispers*) You suck.

(*grunts*)

Ow!

Mom! You wanna fight? Let's do this.

Okay, let's go.

(*Wendy bangs table*)

So help me God, do not make me use *Krav Maga* in my own home!

(*dramatic sting*)

She's right.

What is this *Krav Maga*?

Wade: She used to be an instructor.

Krav Maga, Israeli self-defense.

Pretty hardcore stuff.

I see. You train warriors as well.

Wanda: You know what? Wh-Whatever, Mother.

Okay, you can't threaten us with your Jewish karate chops because I am a federal agent!

(*scoffs*)

Okay? I refuse to be spoken to like this from a local police officer!

(*laughs*) Federal agent this, federal agent that.

You know what, sounds like to me someone doesn't really know Jim Gunagent.

Uh, do you?

Uh, no because he doesn't exist!

I knew it! You liar!

Yeah, you knew it so much, you walked right into it.

What did I do to deserve this?

How many years of Shabbat spent alone?

Now, both my children are finally home, and this is what I get?

(*tense crescendo*)

I'm sorry, Mom. It's--

(*Wanda grunts*)

(*Wendy gasps*)

(*gasps*) Oh!

Oh! Ow!

(*screaming*)

Oh, God! Oh!

Oh, I would punch you in the face right now if you weren't an adult woman and I wasn't an adult man and that is just not accepted. Oh, I hate you!

(*grunts*)

(*fork clatters*)

I'm going to my room!

(*bangs table*)

Of course! Just go. Leave me here. Alone.

Just like everyone. Just like that... good-for-nothing schmuck!

He's not a schmuck.

(*heartfelt music playing*)

He's my dad.

(*sighs*)

(*door creaks shut*)

Well, I'm glad I came.

Another classic Whipple family Shabbat.

(*quirky music playing*)

(*door shuts*)

(*sighs*)

At least I'm not all alone this time.

(*gulps*)

(*"I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" by Hank Williams plays on radio*)

(*flipping pages*)

♪ *The midnight train* ♪

♪ *Is whining low* ♪

♪ *I'm so lonesome I could cry* ♪

♪ *I've never seen a night so long* ♪

♪ *When time goes crawling by* ♪

(*dial tone, click*)

Hey. It's me.

Round up the guys. Got us an easy catch.

(*song continues*)

Mm-hmm.

This one's definitely gonna run home to mama.

♪ *To hide his face and cry* ♪

(*soft crying*)

(*banging on door*)

Um, don't come in here!

(*door opens*)

Wade? Are you injured?

I thought I heard the quiet sobs of a child.

I know. I don't know what you heard because everything in here is fine.

I'm just, uh, curled up in the fetal posish, you know?

(*sniffs*) My mental health has never been better.

(*sighing*)

Your quarters are fascinating.

Yeah?

Oh, yeah.

My old room.

What are these?

Wade: My posters?

I got all the greats up there.

Stallone, Keanu, Bryan Adams.

Gods.

Ah, yes. I see.

This is your pantheon of heroes!

Yeah. Spent a lot of time in here alone.

Mostly dealing with my childhood abandonment issues, but...

And who is this magnificent and powerful man?

Oh, that guy?

Knuckles: "'Pistol' Pete Whipple." Wait.

This great bowling warrior shares your family name!

(*sighs*) Yeah.

That's 'cause he's my dad.

Your father is the champion?

He will be at the tournament?

Wade Whipple, is this why we are going to Reno?

To confront and dethrone your father?!

This quest only grows more glorious!

What? No--

I didn't know that-- Are you telling--

Start from the beginning 'Cause wait a minute.

My estranged father is also gonna be at the bowling tournament?

(*comical music playing*)

That is news to me.

Uh, definitely didn't have anything to do with my decision-making process in the matter.

Knuckles: I see.

What is this?

(*curious music playing*)

That?

You wanna know what this is?

(*wires rattling*)

This is my old Discman.

Plays music. You wanna see something cool?

Mm-hmm.

"Wadejammerz '99."

(*laughs*) The single best CD ever to be burned.

This mix is front-to-back bangers.

I wonder if she still works.

And... (*laughs*)

(*muffled "All the Small Things" by Blink-182 playing*)

Oh, yeah.

(*loudly*) Yeah, you don't get quality like this from the streamers.

Yeah, this is my jam. You got to hear this.

Knuckles: Hm.

(*song continues*)

Ah. What does that mean exactly?

To have a jam?

It's like, um, your favorite song.

I don't understand.

(*stops song*)

Like... You don't have a favorite song?

No.

A jam is like something that pumps you up.

You know, gets you jacked.

It gives you the courage and bravery to do things that are out of the ordinary.

Is it a form of magic?

It is a bit like magic. You know, I had a friend who, when he listened to Alien Ant Farm, could lift a Toyota Corolla over his head.

Swear to God, on my mom's life.

Hm...

And this mix you made, it has jams?

Oh, yeah. "Wadejammerz '99"? Chock full of 'em.

You listen to this mix, (*scoffs*)

I guarantee you will be uttering the phrase, "That's my jam."

(*soft laugh*)

My dad used to say that all the time.

Your father. Is he... the "schmuck" of whom your mother spoke?

That's the guy.

And he abandoned you?

Giving not a second thought to his own flesh and blood?

Discarding his only son like a piece of worthless junk!

Mm, your phrasing is rather hurtful, but yes.

(*sad music playing*)

Every Friday afternoon, my dad and I would drive to the bowling alley, and we'd listen to this mix...

You know, it was our thing, until it wasn't, but.

Knuckles: Hm...

And who is this?

Oh. That is... nothing.

Please don't look at that. Please don't investigate.

Now, this is a warrior.

Who is this?

Uh, this is actually, um, just a cardboard cutout of, uh, Zap from the hit morning show *American Gladiators*.

Ah, yes.

She definitely belongs in your pantheon of heroes.

Yeah, yeah, she was a beast. I've had her since I was a kid.

I actually didn't even know I still owned it though.

But, what are these little indentations on her shoulders?

Uh, nothing! Definitely not where I hugged her too hard.

(*awkward laugh*)

Wendy: Dessert!

Dessert, everyone!

Uh, y-you know, y-y-you should go for dessert.

I-I'm not really feeling like it tonight.

Wade! These marks.

They seem to be everywhere.

Okay! Enough time with Zap. Thank you. (*laughs*)

Okay.

(*quirky music playing*)

(*whispers*) I'm sorry you had to hear that.

♪ ♪

(*TV chatter*)

So, I spent the next 14 days wandering through an alien desert.

My enemies had ambushed me and left me for dead.

Oh, God! Well, listen.

Joshua wandered for 40 years, lost in the desert, looking for the Promised Land, so big whoop about your 14 days. (*laughs*)

No offense.

Is this part of the Jewish tradition?

To eat pies of limes that are key and watch old movies?

No, no Jewish. No, no. (*laughs*)

God no.

Look, I got money to spend...

But we do like a good flick.

This is a Whipple family tradition.

Every Shabbat, after dinner, we'd eat dessert and then watch a movie till the candles burned out.

♪ ♪

It was nice.

Why has this tradition been broken?

Who knows?

Families, they drift apart.

Time. Yeah, well, I guess this is what my life is now.

Empty nester. It's pitiful.

You know, every Shabbat, I light the candles myself.

I make the dinner, the whole *schmear*.

I even make dessert! (*chuckles*)

And then, I sit back and watch one of my old movies.

You know, even when the kids are home, they can't be bothered.

Knuckles: Hm...

I don't understand.

This young streetwalker with a heart made of gold.

Why do the others treat her with such disdain?

Is it so wrong to walk the streets?

Because they are ignorant and judgmental, Knuckles.

But, you wait.

She'll get the last laugh.

I was in here yesterday. You wouldn't wait on me.

Oh... You work on commission, right?

Uh, yes. Big mistake. Big. Huge. I have to go shopping now.

I love her.

(*"Pretty Woman" by Roy Orbison fading in*)

♪ *Pretty woman!* ♪

(*song fades out*)

(*insects chirping*)

(*ominous music playing*)

(*chain rattling*)

(*ominous music builds*)

(*exhales*)

(*sighs*)

(*sighs*)

(*candlesticks clink*)

(*taps counter*)

(*ominous sting*)

(*sighs*)

Miss you, Dad.

(*ominous sting*)

(*soft footsteps*)

(*bang*)

(*dramatic sting*)

(*heavy breathing*)

(*comical music playing*)

(*intense music playing*)

(*music swelling*)

Shabbat Shalom. (*grunts*)

(*crescendo*)

Well, that was a bad idea.

(*grunts*) Ow! Why?!

(*tense music playing*)

You got a price on your head, Whipple.

And I'm here to collect.

(*fizzling, whirring*)

(*dramatic crescendo*)

(*snickers*)

What's so funny?

Wade: Oh, nothing.

You just picked a fight with the most dangerous warrior in the galaxy.

And I'm his favorite student.

♪ ♪

(*heroic music playing*)

(*fizzling*)

(*growls*)

(*swing creaking*)

(*groaning*)

(*comical music playing*)

(*Wade coughs*)

That's gonna affect resale.

(*chain rattling*)

We've got company.

(*door creaks*)

(*dramatic music playing*)

(*footsteps*)

(*chains rattling*)

(*dramatic crescendo*)

(*laughing*)

(*inhales*)

What the heck are you supposed to be?

Your worst nightmare.

Wanda: Nice chains, bro.

You look like you popped out of a '90s video game.

Where do I put the quarter?

(*tense music playing*)

Smart move, genius! (*laughs*)

(*chain whipping*)

You just broke into a house full of cops.

You wanna give up now, or you want me to give you about 14 seconds?

Enough!

Ah, crap.

(*grunts*)

(*panting*)

(*whipping*)

(*panting*)

FBI! Oh!

(*grunting*)

(*gasps*)

(*chain whipping, rattling*)

(*whimpers*)

(*whimpers*)

(*crescendo*)

(*grunts*)

(*heroic music playing*)

(*growls*)

(*grunts*)

(*Knuckles grunts*)

(*screams*)

Aah!

(*screaming*)

(*smashing*)

(*grunts*)

Told you, loser. (*scoffs*)

(*comical music playing*)

(*tense music playing*)

Your move, creeps.

Mother Whipple!

Wendy: Knuchles.

Protect the candles at all costs.

(*crescendo*)

Knuckles: Mm.

(*clangs, clatters*)

(*both grunt*)

(*yells*)

(*zooming*)

(*"Hava Nagila" playing*)

(*yelling, grunting*)

♪ *Ve-nismecha* ♪

♪ *Hava nagila, hava nagila* ♪

♪ *Hava nagila ve-nismecha* ♪

♪ *Hava neranena, hava neranena* ♪

♪ *Hava neranena venis'mecha* ♪

♪ *Hava neranena, hava neranena* ♪

♪ *Hava neranena venis'mecha* ♪

♪ *Uru achim, belev sameach, Uru achim, belev sameach* ♪

(*grunting*)

♪ *Uru achim...* ♪

(*grunts*) Mom!

♪ *Belev sameach* ♪

♪ ♪

Sorry about the, uh, house.

Wendy: Mm.

You okay?

(*song ends*)

Hm. (*chuckles*)

Are you happy? Did I miss something?

My kids finally came home for Shabbat.

(*gentle music playing*)

(*sighs*)

The whole family came together.

To protect one another, to care for one another.

What more could a mother want?

(*footsteps crunching*)

Thank you, Knuckles.

This... is the best damn Shabbat dinner we ever had.

(*Wanda laughs*)

Good Shabbos, sweetie. You, too, darling.

Wanda: Thanks, Mom.

Good Shabbos, Mom.

(*sighs*)

(*deep sigh*)

(*heartfelt music playing*)

(*music fades out*)

(*"All the Small Things" by Blink-182 playing*)

♪ *All the small things* ♪

♪ *True care, truth brings* ♪

♪ *I'll take one lift* ♪

♪ *You're right, best trip* ♪

♪ *Always, I know* ♪

♪ *You'll be at my show* ♪

♪ *Watching, waiting* ♪

♪ *Commiserating* ♪

♪ *Say it ain't so, I will not go...* ♪

(*song fades out*)

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